

A
CONGRATULATORY
P O E M
TO HIS
MAJESTY
GEORGE THE II^d
UPON HIS
ACCESSION
TO THE
T H R O N E.

To which are Prefixed VERSES Inscribed
to the Right Honourable the EARL of
SCARBOROUGH.

By RICHARDSON PACK, Esq;

C A M B R I D G E:

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE EARL OF
 SCARBOROUGH,
 MASTER of the HORSE to HIS
 MAJESTY,
 KNIGHT of the most Noble Order
 of the GARTER, &c.

From my House in *Bury St. Edmond's* Oct. 13. 1727.

AT COURT Unknown, or, what is Worse, I fear
 Known only not to have a PATRON *There*;
 I Live, MY LORD; with an inglorious Fate,
 In *Country-Quarters* Hid, or *This Retreat*.
 Yet when, revisiting my little Nest,
 My Wings at liberty, my Cares at rest,

In chearful Innocence I sit and sing;
 Methinks I'm Happier than the Happiest King.
 But peevish Thoughts, alas! sometimes invade
 The soft recesses of my *Fav'rite Shade*.
 Whoe're hath Merit, still hath some Design;
 And Virtue, when Neglected, will Repine.
 The MUSE too takes in This Disgrace a Part;
 Pretends Her Own, as well as My Desert:
 If doubly Arm'd You can't Advance, 'tis Hard:
 What? not succeed as *Soldier*, nor as *Bard*?
 Strait to the PALACE She resolves to Hie:
 But Heav'n knows *how* This STRANGER must *Apply*.

If SCARB'ROUGH yet some lucky Hour wou'd Choose,
 (Sure All are not Unlucky to the MUSE)
 To recommend This Orphan to the Throne;
 The Cause can't Fail, which HE vouchsafes to Own.
 Whilst afar off She Blushing, Trembling, lyes,
 THE KING MY LORD may bid the VIRGIN Rise,
 And She, like ESTHER, thus find Favour in His Eyes.



T O T H E
K I N G.

WHILE CAM and Isis at Your Royal Feet
 Offer'd, GREAT SIR, th' immortal Fruits of *Wit*;
 While *Reverend Bards* proclaim'd your Sacred Fame,
 And the *Young Laureat Tribe* invok'd your Name;
 At humble Distance from th' Harmonious Throng,
 To gentle Strains I tun'd some Rural Song,
 Whose *unambitious Airs*, at best, pretend
 To cheer in Solitude a pensive Friend:
 Profane it seem'd in Me to joyn the Choir,
 And with rude Hands attempt APOLLO's Lyre.

B

But

But since You hourly spread your Gracious Light,
 And chase, where-e'er You Go, the Clouds of Night;
 Since your auspicious Rays diffus'd on All,
 Sustain the Great, and animate the Small,
 The most Remote your Influ'ence shou'd confess,
 All Hearts shou'd gratulate, Each Tongue shou'd bless.
 After th' Applause of Nobler Poets then
 Vouchsafe t'accept the Homage of his Pen,
 Whose Bosom glows with an unusual Flame,
 While *Loyalty* inspires, and *You're* the Theme;
 Who ravish'd sees the Joyfull Times retriev'd,
 When Your *Blest* SIRE, and Mighty WILLIAM liv'd.
 In You *Their diff'rent Virtues* are Compleat;
Gentle as GEORGE, as Mighty WILLIAM Great.

Not *Pha'eton-like*, by rash Ambition hurl'd,
 Too Young You Drove the Chariot of the World;
 But Form'd by Nature, and Improv'd by Pains,
 Explor'd the Road, e'er yet You *shook* the Reigns.

For Empire Born, but Rais'd by just Degrees,
Experience taught You both to *Rule* and *Please*;
 And like a skill'd Physitian, wisely-sure,
 You Felt the NATION's Pulse, You meant to Cure.

Believe me, SIR, (and Frown not too Severe,
 That thus the MUSE familiar greets your Ear)

No Method better can Secure your Throne,
 Than still to *Know* your Subjects, and be *Known*.
 The Gen'rous BRITONS, Honest, Open, Bold,
 I'll bear that *Courtiers* shou'd Their KING withhold:
 With Veneration they *His Presence* Wait,
 And think *His Person* truly makes *His State*.
 Shou'd now the *Faithless* doubt: Your *Right Divine*,
 And, as the Jews of old, demand a *Sign*;
 What *Ampler* can of GOD's *Vice-gerent* be,
 Than so much *Mildness* with such *Majesty*!

Revolving those Unhappy Kingdoms Fate,
 Where *Depredations* make the *Sov'reign* Great;
 Where Impious Slaves by Adulation rise,
 And KINGS are Flatter'd into DEITIES;
 At once both Prince and People we Deplore,
 Nor know which GOD Permits to suffer more:
 The *Monarch's* blinded by that *Incense-smoke*;
 And the *Gall'd Subject* groans beneath the Yoke.
 But YOU, GREAT PRINCE! by LAW maintain your *Sway*,
 And We by *Duty* and by *Choice* Obey.

SOV'REIGN of *Hearts*! Whose Dread, yet lov'd, Com-^{[mands}
 Extend o'er distant Seas and various Lands,
 What Other Province *fairer Tribute* Yeilds
 Of flowing Wealth, than fruitful ALBION's Fields?

While You with *Justice*, SIR, and *Mercy* Reign,
 You *Shine* not on a *Barren Land* in vain.
 What nobler Sight can entertain your Eyes,
 Than a Glad Nation's *willing Sacrifice*?
 Which Glorifying in a MONARCH, *Brave* and *Good*,
 For Him exhausts her *Treasures* and her *Blood*.
 Her Sons to *Freedom* born, with *Plenty* fed,
 Eat not in *servile Fear* precarious Bread:
 Rich in their Father's, or their Own Increase,
 To *War's* rough Storms prefer the Calms of *Peace*:
 Yet Arm'd ne'er fail to Scourge their *Country's* Foes,
 And Scorn all Chains but what Themselves impose.

Sooth'd by your *Care*, and CAROLINA's Smile;
 The Factions cease, which lately Griev'd *our Isle*:
 And under future Ills She ne'er can Faint,
 Supported by a HEROE and a SAINT.
 But Heav'n propitious seems to have Design'd
 Our Bliss not only Great, but Unconfined:
 While FRED'RICK, and a long and glorious Train
 Of Royal Issue shall o'er BRITAIN Reign;
 While *Princely Virgins*, with collat'ral Grace,
 Wear *Bridal Crowns*, still Destin'd to *Your Race*.

